

# The Escape

by BuG300k

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Summary: The Chief runs into a lot of trouble (Chapter 4 up!) Now rated R for violence and some language.

## 1. Waking up

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Fixed the stuff I was asked to fix, sorry I didn't update for forever, I forgot about this

## Chapter 1: Prison Blues

"Chief? Chief wake up! Damnit, you're unconscious." Cortana's voice faded in his head. Soon he saw nothing but darkness. Three hours later the suite on the floor of the prison cell slowly rose to its feet, "Am I dead?" muttered the Master Chief. "No, a Hunter struck you and you were knocked unconscious, now we are in a covenant prison. Try not to talk loud, if they find out you are carrying me, well we would be in a lot of trouble. While we were here, I was able to hack into the controls over on that ledge. I can release us at anytime, but you have no weapons on you." "Can't you call for reinforcements?" A sigh was heard, "We're not on Halo, we are on a prison ship, a very heavily armed prison ship. I don't think a transport ship can make it here. And any ship that is tough enough to survive an attack from this ship would be too slow. They would kill you by then." The Chief sat down, "Damnit! Ok we wait until they have the least amount of guards, then you let us out and I will kill a guard, if I take his weapon, we just may survive." As he finished the sentence an elite covenant soldier came in to the room. "Quiet!" commanded Cortana.

The soldier spoke with another soldier and after a couple of minutes of chat they burst out in laughter. "What did they say?" The chief asked. "Oh my god, they know I'm here! Quickly, I'll copy myself and send myself to the nearest friendly ship. Then you take out the chip and destroy it. I will be able to help you remotely from the ship. I'll tell you when I'm done. I will need a lot of energy for this so I will need to bring your shields offline for a couple of minutes."

"Chief can you hear me? I'm at the ship, luckily a nearby research ship, now you will need to destroy the old copy of me. Take it out and just break it against a wall." He obeyed. "Ok, a grunt with a needler is guarding my cell, perfect. Deactivate the door." He said with a smile behind his helmet. "Ok, deactivating in five seconds." The doors energy slowly drained away. The grunt quickly turned around and watched in fear as an elbow came crashing into his head.

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TO BE CONTINUED

XP

## 2. Shoot n' Run

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The chief quickly grabbed the weapon out of the small creature's hand and reloaded it. A familiar sound entered the room as the needles quickly slid into place. The noise attracted the only other guard on duty, a large elite. He gave a questioning grunt and put up his gun. The chief put his back against a pillar as the elite walked up to the open prison cell confused. Suddenly the guard spun around with his gun pointed directly at the pillar, but nobody was there. The chief had snuck up behind him and let out a round of glowing needles straight into his back. The large creature moaned in agony and anger as the needles pierced his skin. He knew what was going to happen to him next. He had seen it happen too often. A large explosion ripped through his back. The chief had no time to watch the fireworks; he heard a scream and that confirmed the creature's death.

He head into the next hallway, "Cortana, get me the hell out of here." He said panting, "Ok, first we need to disable the guns placed around the ship, that way we might have a chance of getting close alive, and then we need to destroy the observation areas. That way I can send this ship in. It's got some weak defenses but it should be enough to get us in and out. I'm looking at the ships schematics, give me a second" a small pause left only the sound of the chief's heart beating, "Ok, there is an AI system controlling the guns, if we can get it to accept our ships access codes as friendly, then we can get in without those guns touching us. Get into that room and ill be able to program that computer. Now, the guns can be manually operated so we must take out the observation areas, they can operate the guns themselves. I'm giving you the nav point to the control room....now"

A small arrow showed up on the HUD of the chief's suit, "Wish me luck" said the chief. Before Cortana could respond a small army of grunts entered the prison doors. The chief quickly threw a grenade into the small crowd. One of the grunts yelled when he saw the grenade land and looked around frantically, he tried to run from it but the explosion caught up with him. The rooms were filled with yelps, screams, bangs and splatters. The room was painted with blue blood and the chief had seen it too much to even cringe. He quickly ran through multiple hallways, killing covenant left and right until he came up to the door to the control room. The door was in a large room, and guarded by two hunters. Luckily they didn't see him. He had encountered hunters many times before. They were very powerful, their armor invulnerable to most weapons, only their backs exposed. One of their arms held the most powerful covenant weapon that we knew of. The chief would have to be careful, he reloaded his weapon trying to be extra quiet, and ducked behind a wall. He sighed heavily and glanced at the two creatures, perfect, they were both facing away from him.

He leaped out and fired off his rounds. The two hunters jumped in surprise and quickly turned. A few needles managed to work themselves into one of their backs. The other dodged them quickly. The chief looked stunned, these were no ordinary hunters, they were so much more intelligent. He noticed a gold outlining on the gun attached to their arm; they must have been specially trained. The chief had no more time to marvel at the gun, it was pointed directly at him. He saw the inside glow a deep red. That was strange, didn't it fire green charges? He soon found out the answer. As soon as the light got brighter inside the barrel, he rolled out of the way as fire erupted from the gun. 'A flamethrower?!' thought the chief. These were obviously the elite hunters. Stories were tossed around about them; all were believed to be false, although now he realized that they were very true. They both turned at the chief and he could have sworn they smiled behind their armor. They both sent a hot stream of fire toward him and the chief quickly dodged it. Thinking fast the chief ran and shoved his two remaining grenades into the barrels before they could realize what he was doing. They quickly fired and the grenades did the rest of the work. The two hunters flew and two deep roars echoed through the room.

The chief now covered in orange blood walked towards the door. The display had red covenant writing. Good thing his suit had a translator; he turned on the covenant to English translation program. Just as he had thought, the door was locked, "Cortana, I need a code for the door to the control room." The chief put down his gun and waited, "Ok, I think I got it. Try putting in 122-536-1987." Once again the chief opened the translator program and put it into covenant writing. A small hiss was heard and smoke arose from the sides. The door slid apart slowly revealing a large room. A large computer with several displays took up the entire room, "Cortana, which display do I use?" he said impatiently, "The one on the far right, it's marked with a small red light" the chief found the right display and followed Cortana's instructions to transmit the codes. A large window finally read "Friendly recognized", "Great, now, just in case, we need to de-activate that door, set a new code for the door on your way out. Get to the weapons storage, there is a rocket launcher in there, get it and destroy the observation areas using it. There are only two of them, just destroy the rooms and any computers inside them. After you do that, we will find the safest place to pick you up." The chief responded, "Ok, but just to let you know this is

pure suicide. I'm going to shut off this channel until I get rid of the observation areas, we don't want them to intercept it." And with that the chief shut off the channel and headed out of the room.

The chief entered some random numbers into the doors lock and the door slid closed, once again a large hiss and a groan of relief echoed from the mechanism holding the door. The chief followed the other nav point that Cortana had set. He passed many hallways in which he had already been until he came to a small door. Luckily it was open. There was a large arsenal of human weapons taken from battle, some where taken apart, and some were modified but one rocket launcher sat on a table, untouched. He looked inside, 'Only two, better not miss' he thought. He turned and followed another nav point leading to the first observation area. He walked into many rooms on the way that had some small enemies, maybe an elite or two, but nothing his needler couldn't handle. After what seemed like forever he arrived at a locked door, he chuckled to himself as he knocked on it. A covenant opened the door, a plasma rifle in its hand. The chief bashed its head open with the rocket launcher. Four other guards rose from their seats with a look of shock on their faces. He quickly let off a round and watched the rocket cut into the metal, blasting all four of the guards into nothing and destroying all the computers. He turned the channel on again, "One down, one to go." He said examining the wreckage, "Good job, the next one is on the other side of the ship, hurry!" he closed the channel again and ran towards the next nav point. Once again, it was the same story, small armies and small rooms. He found the door again and thought of the ways he could surprise the covenant in the room.

He smiled to himself as he knocked on the door once again. He held a plasma grenade he found in battle. The door opened, and he activated the grenade and stuck it right in the elite's face, then pushed him into the other four. Surprised at his own sick creativity, he smiled. He let off another round and the computers exploded. He opened the channel again, "Cortana this is the chief, I'm ready for extraction, where is the pickup?" Cortana replied, "Just stay where you are, well pick you up through the window in the observation area. Fight off any covenant that come into the room, we will be there in 5 minutes."

The chief only encountered three attacks. He heard a loud noise behind him. That was his ride! He climbed into the ship and closed the door. Cortana was displayed on a screen in the main research area, "Thank god. Frank! Get us the hell out of here!" she yelled to the pilot, "Roger" He replied. The ships engines gave a giant lurch and we accelerated out of the area. The pilot seemed worried, "Guys, something's moving at us, and fast" the ship threw itself forward as something cut into the side.

Ok, long enough? Fixed the first chapter. Left you on a cliffhanger too.

### 3. What else could go wrong?

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NSA-Trooper:

1) The humans know very little about them, their speed is known to be unnatural

2) Nope, remember the arsenal? Looks like the covenant have taken a liking to the flamethrower

I'll concentrate more on updating, sorry

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On the last episode of "The Escape":

He climbed into the ship and closed the door. Cortana was displayed on a screen in the main research area, "Thank god. Frank! Get us the hell out of here!" she yelled to the pilot, "Roger" He replied. The ships engines gave a giant lurch and we accelerated out of the area. The pilot seemed worried, "Guys, something's moving at us, and fast" the ship threw itself forward as something cut into the side.

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The sound of explosions rung in the chief's ears. The ship rocked from side to side violently and plunged. The pilot had been trying his best to crash land on the small planet in the middle of the scene. The ship swung wildly and the chief was knocked unconscious against the side.

Some time later the chief woke up in the middle of the destroyed ship. The pilot was dead, and there was no sign of Cortana. The chief's eyes widened, where was she? If she fell into the covenants hands, he didn't even want to think of what would happen. His suit was badly damaged; his communication was alternating between functionality. His shields recharge was damaged so he would have to be careful. The nav point program was malfunctioning, either that or Cortana had set 30 different points before she left. He turned off the display and looked at the wreckage. The pilots head was cracked open. Upon closer inspection the chief noticed something strange. There were traces of plasma on the back of the seat! He was shot! That confirmed that the covenant had Cortana, "....Get... I don't know..... Self destruct... " a weak message came over his communication, "Cortana? Cortana! Where are you?" the chief asked in worry, "West, towards the hills, go...small covenant ship landed...no idea what I am yet. Hurry before.....find out." This message was clearer. Cortana was west in the hills, a small covenant ship landed and searched this area. They found her but luckily didn't crack her code yet. He had to hurry before they found out.

The chief picked up his weapon, it was scratched and the display was cracked although still on. He saw a small door halfway blasted open, and a familiar object was behind it, it was a warthog! The chief grabbed the door and pried it open and examined the warthog. It had a couple of scratches and the lights were broken, but it worked fine.

He opened the rear hatch and backed out. He saw a large empty wasteland before him. The sky was almost white and frail trees were the only things growing out of the cracked surface. The chief turned towards a patch of green visible through immense fog, 'those must be the hills' he thought. After about 10 minutes of driving the machine gun on the back started firing on its own. The chief had no choice but to eject the gun. He pulled the plunger that disengaged the weapon and it flew off behind him. Soon the grey fog faded and he saw a small ship in a valley. He went around it; there was no point in attracting attention when he was so vulnerable. He found the signal from the message and found a small escape pod. he broke through its window and then examined the contents in the escape pod. There was an overshield and camouflage. He applied them both and slid the door open. He noticed an elite walking towards a hallway; he followed him until he came to the room where Cortana's chip was being held. His display made him even more nervous: "Camouflage active: 40% / Overshield active 80%" he saw one covenant sitting over a display in which the humans' battle plans were written in plain English. Fortunately he could not read English. He hid behind a small crate and turned on his translator. The covenant that was sitting was talking to the elite who just came in, "So, is he here yet?" said the one in the seat, "Calm down he is on his way, once the translator gets here we can figure out what the hell this thing says." The chief's heart skipped a beat, 'Crap! If they found out...' he thought. He had to get that chip. He silently crept over to the table and cracked the plasma that powered the machine.

The covenant that was sitting stared wide eyed in my direction. He looked like he had seen a ghost. Then I noticed my display "Camouflage deactivating/Overshield Active 40%" I froze, "shit" I said under my breath. I quickly took the cracked plasma pack and hurled it at his face. He yelled in pain; I stood and let off some pistol rounds into him. Luckily the other covenant had left the room, but that shout would not go unnoticed. He grabbed the chip from the computer and slid it into the slot in his helmet. Cortana's voice quickly filled the helmet, "Lets get out of here, there is a vent that leads outside in the corner." The chief walked over to it and crawled through it. He soon came out on the other side where his warthog was. He hopped in and rode as far away from the ship as he could. Cortana spoke again, "Damnit, they modified some of my information. Hold on, let me access my backup files." The chief waited, "Ok, good as new, I'm going to see if we can find anyone to pick us up and fix your suit." A long pause was heard, "Ok, looks like we have a friendly ship around here, it doesn't have a name though, its code is 114-16." The chief was deep in thought, "Where have I heard that ID code before? Oh yeah, wasn't that the pillar of autumn's ID?" Cortana gasped, "You're right, but we destroyed the pillar of autumn, how is that possible. Let me establish a communication link." After another moment of silence she spoke again, "Ah yes, remember that ship we took to get off of the pillar, well it has the same ID, although I overlooked the ship type. I gave them our coordinates, they should be here soon." The chief sat back and waited until he saw a small dot growing. Then he recognized the dot as the ship. It gave him a ramp to get the warthog inside.

Chief, we'll need your weapons, your suit, your warthog and of course, Cortana. The chief took the chip out and handed his weapons over with it. He opened a panel on his arm and pressed a few buttons. The plates which had seemed tense had loosened and the chief slipped out of the suit. It had felt good to be out of that thing, the air

was better and it was not hot anymore. Thanks chief, you better get some sleep; we have word that they have a job for you tomorrow. The chief groaned, "Again? Fine, but have the equipment fixed by then." The man nodded and put Cortana into the ship's systems. She appeared and looked around then fixed her gaze on the man, "Hi dad" she said to him. The chief froze in his place, "Dad, what do you mean?" Cortana looked over at him, "Meet my creator, Jay. He also created the suit." The chief smiled, "Didn't you also make the assault rifle that we all use now?" Jay shook the chief's hand, "I didn't make it, but I programmed it. I'm glad you are a fan of my work" the chief nodded and went into the small room in which he slept. He yawned and dropped onto the bed, falling asleep almost instantly.

"Chief? Chief? Wake up, they gave us information on your job, here's the report." The chief, still dazed from sleep, opened his eyes and read the paper, "So there was a battle in this place that has been raging for the past 3 days? And they want me to be the guest of honor?" the man nodded, "Yea, they want you to take out some covenant tanks because they are tearing through our forces. Then snipe some hunters, they just want you to take out the bulk. You are going to do all this out of a pelican." The chief stood, "Has my equipment been repaired" he asked, stretching. The man nodded and pointed to his suit hanging on the wall, "I'm afraid Cortana is not coming with you. The damn covenant messed around with her more than I thought; I'll need to fix her." The chief nodded.

After putting on the suit he walked outside and saw a pelican on the ground and the pilot leaning against it, smoking. He walked up to him, "Hey, I'm here to take out the tanks and hunters in the battle" the man took another puff of his cigarette and responded, "The rocket launchers in the back, there are several rounds and there is a sniper there too. Just get in and I'll fly you there; you better have good aim, because I'm not standing still in the middle of this." The chief nodded and climbed in the back and readied the rocket launcher.

Soon he saw signs of gunfire down below. The pelican turned and dove. The scene sharpened below. There were 7 covenant tanks placed on mountains, they were all attacking a large group of humans. The pilot dove deeper, "Showtime, take out as many as you can." I propped the rocket launcher on my shoulder, connected it to my suit and looked through the scope, my suit automatically calculated when I needed to fire. The crosshair locked onto the tank and I fired two rounds at it. They both hit it. The tank exploded just as a familiar voice entered the helmet, "Chief! Don't fire! There are banshees there, enough to rip that pelican apart! Don't attract attention and get the hell out of there!" the chief stood up, "Get us out of here! Abort the mission!" the pilot jerked the ship upwards. But the chief could already see the banshees catching up. He tried to fight them off, and successfully destroyed two of them, but many of them still flew towards them. They started firing at the ship and after a large amount of resistance the ship finally was damaged beyond control. It plummeted and the pilot handed the chief a backpack, "Jump" he said as he jumped out of the aircraft. After a couple of seconds of hesitation, I put on the backpack and jumped out.

I ejected the parachute after a small while and landed right in the middle of a large group of dead covenant. This was where the battlefield had been before they moved. A warthog was moving through and they were shooting bodies to make sure they were all dead. All of a sudden the warthog stopped and started to shoot at the chief. He

quickly dodged it and yelled, "Hey! Friendly fire, asshole!" the bullets stopped and the warthog slowly approached me. The gunner jumped off, "Sorry about that, we thought you were operating from a pelican so we didn't think any human would be here." The chief sighed, "we were shot down. Can you drive me somewhere where I can call for extraction?" the driver snorted, "We can't leave the battlefield until all covenant are neutralized. But if you could help us it would be great." The chief pried a plasma rifle from a covenant's dead body, "fine, but I call shotgun" he said smiling.

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All right, not much action in this one, but don't worry; the next chapter is full of action. Until then.

#### 4. The Bug

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Really sorry for not updating for so long, had some problems, did some moving around and it took me a while to set up my internet connection.

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Last time on "The Escape"

A warthog was moving through and they were shooting bodies to make sure they were all dead. All of a sudden the warthog stopped and started to shoot at the chief. He quickly dodged it and yelled, "Hey! Friendly fire, asshole!" the bullets stopped and the warthog slowly approached me. The gunner jumped off, "Sorry about that, we thought you were operating from a pelican so we didn't think any human would be here." The chief sighed, "We were shot down. Can you drive me somewhere where I can call for extraction?" the driver snorted, "We can't leave the battlefield until all covenant are neutralized. But if you could help us it would be great." The chief pried a plasma rifle from a covenant's dead body, "fine, but I call shotgun" he said smiling.

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The warthog sliced through the bodies, and the gunner fired whenever he thought he saw something move, or whenever he felt like it. The chief found the gun very annoying and he especially hated how the bones crunched under the tires and the dead cold eyes of the men lying on the ground stared at him. He never liked watching these gruesome battles. But this didn't seem like any ordinary battle. Dead



men on the ground were as common as the blades of grass beneath them. The chief had known some of these men. It was strange, he was so used to seeing death, and it meant so little to him now. The gun interrupted his thinking; it let off some rounds into dead covenant bodies and stopped.

"Brace yourselves; I can already hear the screams in the battle." Said the driver. He was right. Screams, explosions and gunfire were steadily growing louder and mountains were coming into view. 'This was it, this was the huge battle. Hundreds, no thousands of men and covenant locked in fierce battle, well over 20 snipers were in the mountains and 3 scorpion tanks rolled over live covenant crushing them. It was horrible, there was so much blood, so much suffering, so much...the chief's thoughts were again interrupted by the driver, "Ok guys, see those other warthogs, there's well over 10 of them. We all go in at the same time and kill everything we can by running over them, shooting them, whatever. I know it sounds like suicide but we can make it. Trust me I have been a pro at maneuvering this baby. I even modified it for my liking; if I wanted to I could make this thing jump over a person." The chief readied his weapon, "and if we make it? What do we do then?" the driver smiled, "there's a covenant teleport on their side of the field, we need to jam it. Then we can easily win this." The chief could hear the gunner gulp.

A loud voice came over some sort of megaphone, "Ok, All warthogs prepare to commence the attack!" the chief focused himself and slightly leaned out of the window, his hand on the trigger. "Attack in 5 seconds, 4,3,2,1, GO!" all of the warthogs erupted into the battle. The chief quickly fired off rounds, the plasma rounds flew towards elite and ripped through his throat, he gagged and fell to the floor. A mounted turret from the mountains started targeting the warthogs. The gun behind him was constantly pumping out ammo, the covenant kept falling, and more kept coming. The warthog finally reached the covenant lines, it struck them and slowly gained speed running over some, although most jumped out of the way. They were almost sure they would die; they were being bombarded with grenades, tank rounds and turrets. They fought like hell, they never took our finger off the trigger, soon they reached the teleport and covenant were pouring out of it. The driver took a small device out of the glove compartment and tossed it into the teleporter then backed up as fast as he could. The teleporter fizzed as the device fell into place, the flow stopped, and no more covenant were able to reinforce the battle.

The three men cheered as they triumphantly returned to their side. When they did get back, all men were being loaded into transport ships. The three joined them and asked one of them what was going on, "They're bombing the fucking place!" he yelled over the sound of the engines. The men were stunned; they were going to drop bomb on the area? That was a little drastic wasn't it?

Before they could think of anything to say the ships flew upwards, and away from the battle, "So where we heading?" asked the chief. One of the men looked over at him, his face was dirty and bloody, "We're going back. So they can fix us and send us to some other hell." Said the man. Shortly after the comment, the pilot looked back, "Guys we've got company". Several banshees flew after them. The chief's gun was out of ammo, so the best he could do was toss a plasma grenade and hope it landed. None of the four did. The other men managed to send the banshees to their death. The chief's HUD blinked with a

message. It had someone trying to communicate with him on the emergency channel. He had forgotten that he had turned off his channel. He switched it on and Cortana began talking, "Chief? What the hell happened? I couldn't communicate with you and the ship's emergency signal was sent here." The chief sighed, "Look it's a long story lets just say I'm alive." The ship accelerated and the chief turned off the channel, for some reason, being seconds away from death several times a couple of minutes ago didn't leave him in the mood to talk.

The ship finally arrived at a large base. The chief went straight to bed after handing in all his equipment. The next day when he woke up he was pleased to hear that there were no jobs for him and he would have a day to rest. He didn't do much resting though, he trained. He trained in fighting, in weaponry and stealth. Being in a base, they had courses for all of these things. He went to sleep as exhausted as he was after the battle. He awoke to a blaring alarm. He hit the clock on his desk, only to realize that was not what was ringing. The base was under attack! He sprung to life, quickly put on his suit and grabbed an assault rifle. Why the hell was the covenant constantly on their backs? The chief ran down a hallway and saw three men fighting several elites, "move!" he yelled. They obeyed without hesitation and moved out of the way. The elites looked at him he threw a grenade at them and sealed them in the room. When he opened the door again, they were on the floor and obviously dead, "Cortana! The base they brought us to is under attack!" Cortana quickly replied, "there is a pelican still outside, do you know how to pilot it?" the chief shot two grunts that jumped out at him, "Yes, I know, give me a nav point and I'll be off."

The small triangle appeared on the top of the display, "Pelican ahead, follow me!" he yelled to the three men from before. They rushed after him. There was a surprisingly low amount of resistance in entrance. When the chief stepped out, he saw why; there were turrets set up near the pelican and two hunters. The three men fired at the turrets while the chief went after the hunters. The chief stepped in between them and they both charged at him. He quickly jumped out of the way and they hit each other. He then found his opportunity and pumped them full of lead.

The men had already returned and were heading for the back of the pelican. The chief climbed into the driver's seat and stepped on the gas. The pelican rose from the ground and sped away, "Cortana, I'm out, you have anywhere safe where I can land?" Cortana responded, "Our ship isn't too far away, you can land near us. We have another job for you." Another nav point appeared to the side of the chief's HUD. He steered towards it, still sweating and dead tired. The men didn't talk; they panted and looked down at the floor, a scared expression on their faces.

They had soon landed and where met by Jay. He had called in reinforcements who had secured the base. Jay had a worried look on his face, and he signaled for the men to come into the base. The three men from the base were sent away for medical attention. Jay had wanted to talk to the chief in private. "Chief, I have bad news. The covenant did more damage than I thought." Jay said, still looking worried, "It seems that they have a tracking device on her, that's why they have always been on our backs on the worst time. They knew our battle plans. They sent out those banshees because they intercepted Cortana's messages." The chief sat down, "Of course, they

knew I was coming because of the signal that Cortana sent to me. Then they set up a trap and wanted me to take Cortana back and put their plan into action. They got that translator to translate the English in our plans. We have to find that bug and destroy it!" Jay sighed, "They dug it deep in her. If we destroy it, we destroy everything. If we don't, then the covenant will easily destroy us." The chief looked at the chip laying at the table, if they destroyed Cortana, they would destroy years of important information, and her programmed strategic combat logic would never be able to help out anyone. Plus she was pretty much the only link that the humans had with the soldiers here, "What if I destroyed the facility where she's being monitored?" Jay shook his head, "No use, they could always just reconnect using any standard terminal. I'm sorry, there's nothing we can do but destroy her. I wish I could re-make her, but they ordered me to destroy the backup I made in case something happened. Even if I did want to re-make her, it would take years." The chief sighed and once again looked at the chip lying on the table.

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Dun dun dun! Anyway sorry again for not updating in a while. But it gave me some time to think about this. Join us next time for another episode of, "The Escape!"

End  
file.